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## MERITS.

IN Erasmus's *Apothegms of the Ancients* is the following anecdote:—"A Lacedemonian, seeing Diogenes the Cynic naked, in a vehement cold morning, grasping a brazen statue round, asked him, 'If he was not cold?' Upon denying he was, 'Then,' said the Spartan, 'where is the great matter in it?' The Lacedemonian was right. If Diogenes did not feel the cold, he suffered nothing from his exposure, and he therefore could not fairly be considered as exercising that fortitude and disregard of earthly ill which it was a peculiarity of his sect to pretend to. The probability is, that Diogenes, although there might not be perfect sincerity in his answer to the Lacedemonian, had either inherited from nature, or acquired from long residence in his well-known doorless mansion, a certain robustness or physical hardness which made him less sensible to cold than the generality of men. Modern physiologists find this explanation for several other notable cases of endurance. The North American Indian, for example, who shows such contempt for the tortures inflicted on him by his enemies at the stake, is now understood to be mainly indebted for his apparent power of endurance to a nervous system originally grosser than that of the Pale Faces, and since made still more dull by his barbarous course of life. When we wonder at the calmness of one of these sufferers, as Mrs Hunter does in her beautiful poem, "The Death Song of an Indian Chief," we attribute to him an European constitution; we think how we ourselves should feel under such trying circumstances; and knowing that we should squall most pitifully, we imagine Alknomook to be a hero because he bears all without allowing a groan or a whimper to escape him. But all this is a mistake. Alknomook probably does not feel one-tenth of what we should do, and—"Where, then, is the great matter in it?" It is precisely an analogous explanation which is given of the power of the Australian savages to bear heavy blows with a club upon the back of the head—to which, it seems, they submit by way of a trial of strength, and thus sustain, without injury, what would dash any Englishman's head to pieces. The Australian has simply a thicker and harder skull than the Englishman. When we consider these things, we are apt to challenge the philosophy of such moralisings as this of Byron—

" mute  
The camel bears the heaviest load,  
And the wolf dies in silence—not bestow'd  
In vain should such example be; if they,  
Things of ignoble and of savage mood,  
Endure and shrink not, we of nobler clay  
May temper it to bear."

Granted that the patient sufferings of animals are affecting to look upon, and may well suggest ideas of resignation and fortitude; but if, in point of fact, the creatures here specified lack the mechanism or media of suffering, or possess a nervous system greatly less sensible to suffering than ours, their endurance must, on a rigid investigation, appear only a natural fact, and not a moral example. A poet would, of course, not inquire too curiously, but there is something to be done in the world besides poetising.

It is no very new remark, that merit is often claimed and often attributed where it is as little due as in the above instances. Men are every day seen, Diogenes-like, enduring, with an appearance of heroic fortitude, hardships and self-mortifications to which they are insensible. Possibly not a few saintly reputations have been built upon no better foundation than to voluntary exposures of this kind. There are skins less alive to the lash than others, and we can easily

conceive of some pachydermatous St Francis, who could lay it well on with very little inconvenience to himself, while whole monasteries were looking on with admiration. Some stomachs, moreover, require much less food than others; and it is not impossible that some canonisations have been mainly owing to what Liebig might call an inferior oxygenability of constitution. There are instances of human beings, under some derangement of the system, living for weeks without food. How easy it would be for any such person to make himself out a paragon of the fasting virtue! Honest people, who have thick skins, or small powers of inhaling oxygen, make no fuss about the matter; but marvellers and cunning dogs look as big about it as possible, and leave odorous memories of many centuries' duration. We thoroughly believe that a great proportion of the cases of extraordinary negative virtue on record are explainable on this principle. The school of Diogenes, who affected a superiority to all the elegancies and amenities of life, were probably for the most part men who had no natural relish of or feeling for such things. Barbarians of the same kind are found in all civilised communities: there must have been such men in Greece also: there it was the fashion to make any peculiar notions the foundation of "a school." Hence, the haters of neat clothes and carpeted rooms, who, amongst us, are only regarded as detestable oddities, were exalted at Athens into the character of philosophers. There are also, in all countries, men of dogged imperturbable natures, who never cry out for any hurt or misfortune of their own, and are generally as remarkable for a want of feeling respecting the distresses and mishaps of their neighbours. Here, these men are generally shunned as disagreeable, or laughed at as odd: in Greece, they became the STOICAL SCHOOL, teaching that the perfection of virtue is to disregard all the evils of life! It is easy to trace a feature of natural character through various successive social appearances, modified only by the external pressure of the time. The Stoicks reappear in the Anchorites of the fifth and sixth centuries. The tub of Diogenes becomes converted, in the middle ages, into an hermitage. Amongst us, many a worthy successor of that philosopher is known as the growling old gentleman, who lives by himself in the three pair of stairs back, and never allows a female to enter his door.

In these negative merits, there is often a double deception. Not only is there an indifference to the particular indulgence, for exemption from which the praise is given, but it is amply compensated by indulgences of a different kind, probably less liable to notice or to condemnation. It is well, of course, to be superior to any indulgence of a noxious character, whether it be so absolutely, or in the way of excess, or too frequent repetition; let it be fully understood that all honour is due to every successful contest with such inclinations. But the merit of freedom from any particular error is rendered, to say the least of it, equivalent, if a great latitude be taken elsewhere, so as to leave, upon the whole, not less indulgence of one kind and another. I received my first impressions on this subject a good many years ago, in the course of acquaintance with a young person of my own age, who at first seemed superior to every foible whatever, and passed with me, of course, as a paragon of self-denial; until one evening, meeting him at supper, I found him eating and drinking so enormously, and that without becoming in the least affected by it, even to the limited extent of an increased cheerfulness, that it was easy to see that aliment was a moral infirmity which in him had swallowed up or precluded all others. Thus, also, some who are remarkably abstemious in respect of

meat, are remarkably indulgent in respect of liquor; while others, who take little liquor, make up for it amply by additional dishes and extra helpings. Of the adherents of the tee-total cause itself, it is no scandal—it is only supposing the weakness of human nature—to say that some compensate for the banished crystal by the more frequent crockery. On this point we are tempted to introduce a very brief anecdote, which can do no harm to that good cause:—A distinguished advocate of the abstinence principle, who snuffed very largely, called one day upon a member of his own profession, with whom he was well acquainted, and who lived in a different town from himself, to press upon him the duty of his joining the society. He met a rather obdurate listener, but nevertheless persevered in his arguments for fully a quarter of an hour. At length, his friend said, "Why, now, it is very odd that, while you are preaching to me about the propriety of altogether abandoning liquor, you are every half minute taking a large pinch of snuff. Is there not as much of a bad indulgence in the one thing as the other?" The preacher was struck silent by the remark, the subject of which had never before occurred to his mind. But it is to be related, to his credit so far, that when he next called, about six months after, he had given up the use of snuff, thus proving his sincere anxiety to banish reprehensible indulgences in his own case. On this point, it may be not impertinently asked, if the gentleman "who never takes supper," and looks on while others do, with an air of affected superiority, really is entitled to take any credit to himself on this score, if he alone of all the company has dined late, or dined well. And to pass from a small thing to a great, it may be questioned if the well-off and comfortable are always quite right in their blame of the poor for certain indulgences notoriously attributed to them. Let us hear once again what Maggie Mucklebacket said on this subject to the Laird of Monk barns, on his expressing a hope that the distilleries would never work again:—"Ay, ay—it's easy for your honour and the like o' you gentle folks to say sae, that has stouth and routh, and fire and fending, and meat and claih, and sit dry and canny by the fireside; but an ye wanted fire, and meat, and dry claise, and were deeing o' cauld, and had a sair heart into the bargain, which is wairt aye, w' just tippenes in your pouch, wadna ye be glad to buy a dram wi', to be eilding and claise, and a supper, and heart's ease into the bargain, till the morn's morning?" 'Twere to be wished that the specified comforts were to be obtained otherwise than in this representative way, and Maggie's competitors should not be too ready to make use of this flattering apology, which certainly does not apply in that large proportion of instances where the dram has been the cause of that want of the fire, clothing, meat, and heart's ease, which it is also employed to supply. But there is not a little force in the views of the poly-petticoated philosopher, as far as the right of the comfortable to arrogate to themselves superior virtue is concerned, and considering simply the comfortable against the uncomfortable. A human being, in average conditions, requires a certain amount of comfort of some kind to make life pass tolerably. He may take it in various ways, but he must have it, or life becomes insupportable. Now, certainly, he who has all the comforts usually experienced in the houses of the middle and upper classes in this country, must be considered as independent of drama. Were he to take these besides, he would be a remarkable monster indeed. There is not the most distant shade of merit, circumstante as he is, in abstaining from the vicious indulgences to which the comfortless are tempted. Here, however, lies the merit

of the more comfortable classes, and would that it could be impressed deeply on the hearts and minds of the poor—their merit is in endeavouring to attain to, and sustain themselves in, the circumstances which tend to make man superior to low indulgences. In as far as any of the comfortable portion of the community can say, “I have wrought for this house, this good clothing, this fire, and this ease and peace of mind,” he is clearly meritorious. The poorest can in some degree, by a right direction of their energies, and a prudential course of conduct, secure themselves in like manner from that comfortlessness which, when it does exist, forms the only shadow of a palliation which the case put by Maggie Mucklebacket admits of. Assuredly, where any have brought on the comfortlessness by their own imprudence, or by indulgences for which there was originally no apology of any kind, the beautifully humane sentence of Scott would only be a description of the punishment imposed by providence for the error, instead of an apology for the present indulgence.

There is also such a thing as merit attributed for things done by accident, or without the design which they ultimately seemed to have. Everybody has read in “Joe Miller” of the English sailor, who, falling from the top-mast upon deck, without hurting himself, instantly got up, and springing to the side of the vessel, called out to the crew of a Dutch vessel near by, one of whom had performed some wonderful feats in leaping. “Can any of you lubbers do anything like that?” This is the type of many cases which occur in life. Some one says a clever thing by chance; it is applauded, and he quietly pockets the praise, as if he had meant to say the thing. Some one is favoured by fortune in performing some feat, or transacting some piece of business very successfully; his friends praise him for his skill, his address, or his courage, and he coolly puts up with the imputation. Some years ago, this idea was made the basis of a series of papers in a popular magazine, in which a young man, who was an absolute coward, is represented as advancing rapidly in the army through the mere favour of a succession of events in which he *appeared* to have conducted himself with boldness and spirit. First he is carried by an unruly horse into the midst of the enemy at the head of a charge which is successful, and, coming off unhurt, is held as having shown a wonderful example of bravery—then, attacked in travelling by a robber, he, in a frenzy of terror, seizes the man’s wrist convulsively, and calls to the coachman to drive on; the assailant is thus dragged on, a helpless prisoner, to quarters—and so forth. Such circumstances may well be presumed to occur much more frequently than the world is aware of, for concealment is essential to them. There is another class of merit-takers worthy of special notice, namely, those who are always prophesying how ill things will turn out, merely for the pleasure of damping the hopes or dashing the joy of their neighbours. When things turn out well, these forebodings are of course forgotten; when the case is otherwise, the seer is enabled to take some praise to himself. “I told you how it would be—I always said so”—etc. I wish some statistic would give us a return of the number of persons of this kind who annually disappear and are never more heard of.

Need I say how true merit is to be distinguished from all these false kinds? by actual good designs and good doings, by genuine self-denying and self-devotion for good ends, and all under the prompting of a principle which does not limit its views to this nether sphere.

#### MORMONISM.

The sect of the Mormons, or Latter-Day Saints, has of late years become familiar by these names in Great Britain. They derive their first and standing appellation from a work called the Book of Mormon, assumed by them to be the fruit of inspiration and revelation, and taken as the text-book and Bible of the sect. The Book of Mormon, published two or three times in North America, and once in Britain in 1841, had the following origin:—

Some twenty and odd years since, a young man named Joseph Smith, the founder, apostle, and prophet of the Mormons, followed the profession of a money-digger in the United States. It is a common belief in some of the maritime districts of that republic, that large sums of money and masses of bullion were there buried in the earth by the buccaneers, as well as, more recently, by persons concerned in the Revolution. The pretence of discovering these treasures by incantations was an artifice to which needy and cunning men frequently resorted, and Joseph Smith, according to the best testimony, distinguished himself peculiarly in this line. While he was engaged in these and similar pursuits, he received, as his own story runs, several revelations from heaven, relative to the religious sects of the day. On the first occasion when he was thus favoured, he had gone into a grove, and there besought divine aid to show him which, of all the denominations of the Christian church then existing, he ought to reverence and follow as the true one. A bright light, he said, appeared above his head; he was received up into the midst of it; and he there saw two angelic personages, who told him that all his sins were forgiven, that the whole world was in error on religious points, and that the truth should be made known to him in due time. A second revelation of a similar description informed Smith that the

American Indians were a remnant of the children of Israel, and that prophets and inspired men had once existed among them, by whom divine records had been deposited in a secure place, to save them from the hands of the wicked. A third communication, made on the morning of September 22, 1823, informed Smith that these relics were to be found in a cavern, on a large hill to the east of the mail-road from Palmyra, Wayne county, state of New York. Here, accordingly, Joseph made search, and, as he says, found a stone-chest containing plates like gold, about seven by eight inches in width and length, and not quite so thick as common tin. On these plates was graven the book or bible of Mormon, so called from the name given to the party supposed to have written and concealed it. Smith was not allowed to take away these golden plates until he had learned the Egyptian language, in which tongue, or a modern dialect of it, the graven book was composed. At length, in September 1827, Smith was deemed qualified to receive the golden plates, and he transcribed an English version of the characters, which was published in the year 1830. The work made a considerable impression on the poorer classes of the United States, and a sect was formed soon afterwards, calling themselves “The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.” From their text-book, they were more familiarly called the “Mormonites.”

The Book of Mormon, which is nearly of the same extent as the Old Testament, contains, properly speaking, two distinct stories or histories. The history of the Nephites, a portion of the tribe of Joseph, supposed to have emigrated from Jerusalem under a prophet named Nephi, and to have been miraculously led to America, occupies the first part of the work. The Nephites founded, says the story, the Indian race. Many years after their settlement, they are also stated to have discovered the records of the Jaredites, an extinct nation which came to America about the time of the building of Babel. The revelations of various prophets to these Jaredites and Nephites, and direct divine communications respecting “my servant Joseph Smith,” the apostle of the present day, compose the staple matter of the Book of Mormon.

From beginning to end, this work is filled with evidences of forgery and imposture. The peculiar style of holy writ is borrowed throughout, and, as regards words and names, many separate languages are drawn upon, proving the assumed writer of early ages to have all the information of our day before him. The difficulty arising from the red colour of the Indian skin, so different from that of the Jews, is overcome by the arbitrary and easy medium of a miracle. Their colour is said to have been changed as a punishment for their sins. Things are spoken of, which, it is well known, were not invented till late times. For example, it is said by the prophet Nephi, in allusion to a mutiny that took place on his voyage to America, “And it came to pass, after they had loosed me, behold, I took the compass, and it did work whither I desired it.” Besides antedating the discovery of the needle’s polarity by several centuries, the writer here evidently misunderstands the use of the compass altogether. A Mormonite elder, being pressed on the subject of this blunder, pointed to the account of St Paul’s voyage, which has this sentence in the English version: “We fetched a compass, and came to Rhegium.” The misapprehension of this sentence, the first words of which mean merely, “We made a circuit,” had obviously led to the blunder of the composer of the Book of Mormon. According to the *Athenaeum*: “The history of the pretended Israelites is continued in the books of Enoch, Jarom, Zeniff, &c., and through them all, we find one signal proof not merely of imposture, but of the ignorance of the impostor, repeated with singular pertinacity. Every successive prophet predicts to the Nephites the future coming of Christ; the writer has fallen into the vulgar error of mistaking an epithet for a name; the word ‘Christ,’ as all educated persons know, is not a name, but a Greek title of office, signifying ‘The anointed,’ being in fact a translation of the Hebrew word *Messiah*; it is true that in modern times, and by a corruption which is now become inveterate, the term is used by western Christians as if it were a proper name, or at least an untranslatable designation; but this is a modern error, and it has been avoided by most of the oriental churches. Now, the use of a Greek term, in an age when the Greek language was unformed, and by a people with whom it was impossible for Greeks to have intercourse, and, moreover, whose native language was of such peculiar construction as not to be susceptible of foreign admixture, is a mark of forgery so obvious and decisive, that it ought long since to have exposed the delusion. Unhappily, however, we are forced to conclude, from the pamphlets before us, that the American Methodists, who first undertook to expose the Mormons, were scarcely less ignorant than themselves.

A second Nephi takes up the history at a period contemporary with the events recorded in the New Testament. It avers that our Lord exhibited himself to the Nephites after his resurrection, and the words attributed to him bear still more conclusive evidence of the ignorance of the impostors:—

“Behold I am Jesus Christ, the Son of God. I created the heavens and the earth, and all things that in them are.” And again, “I am the light and the life of the world. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end.”

In addition to the former blunder respecting the name ‘Christ,’ we have the name ‘Jesus’ in its Greek form, and not, as the Hebrews would have called it, ‘Joshua;’ but we have, furthermore, the names of the first and last letters of the Greek alphabet given as a metaphorical description of continued existence to a nation that had never heard of the Greek language. It is quite clear that the writer mistook Alpha and Omega for some sacred and mystic sounds, to which particular sanctity was attached—a blunder by no means confined to the Mormons—and wrote them down without perceiving that they were an evidence of forgery, so palpable as to be manifest to schoolboys.”

The same authority which we have now quoted gives a hint of the probable origin of this whole imposture, for, as we shall show, Joseph Smith is a man scarcely capable of inventing or writing even the ravings of the Book of Mormon. A clergyman named Solomon Spaulding, had left his ministry, and entered into business in Cherry Vale, New York, where he failed, in the year 1809. The sepulchral mounds of North America were then exciting some interest, and it struck Spaulding that he might relieve himself from his distresses by composing a novel, connecting these mounds with the lost ten tribes of Israel, supposed by some to have peopled America. Intending to name his work “The Manuscript Found,” he wrote it in the old style of the Hebrew compositions. In 1812, the work was taken to a printer named Lamdin, residing in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, but the author died ere any arrangement could be made for its publication. Lamdin also died in 1826. He had previously lent the manuscript to a person named Sidney Rigdon, and this person it seems to have been who, in connexion with his friend Joseph Smith, formed the idea of palming it on the world as a *new revelation*. The manuscript was well suited to their purposes, and of course they would make such changes as appeared requisite. That this was the true source of the Book of Mormon, is borne out by the testimony of the wife, brother, partner, and several friends of Spaulding, who had heard him read portions of the manuscript, and who recognised many of the names and incidents in the Book of Mormon to be the same with those occurring in Spaulding’s novel. The difficulty of supposing paper of any kind to have been so long preserved, appears to have suggested the additional and characteristic device of the “plates of gold” to the money-digger, Mr Joseph Smith. Sidney Rigdon is now the “prophet’s” secretary. He, by the way, and a few other persons, have alone been honoured with a sight of the said plates.

It might be deemed superfluous to say so much on this subject, were it not that the Mormon delusion has spread widely in North America, and even in Great Britain. Joseph Smith and his colleagues settled in 1831 on the Missouri, whence they were soon after expelled on account of their lawless conduct. They then went to Illinois, and founded a town or city, called Nauvoo, near the Mississippi, said now to contain 1700 able-bodied men, exclusive of women and children. To this place too many emigrants are directing their course even from Great Britain. What sort of people they will find in the persons of the prophet and his associates, appears very clearly from a little work by Mr Caswall, who visited the city of the Mormons in the present year (1842). The following is his picture of Joseph Smith:—

“I met Joseph Smith at a short distance from his dwelling, and was introduced to him. I had the honour of an interview with him who is a prophet, a seer, a merchant, a ‘revelator,’ a president, an elder, an editor, and the general of the ‘Nauvoo legion.’ He is a coarse plebeian person in aspect, and his countenance exhibits a curious mixture of the knave and the clown. His hands are large and fat, and on one of his fingers he wears a massive gold ring, upon which I saw an inscription. His dress was of coarse country manufacture, and his white hat was enveloped by a piece of black cravat as a sign of mourning for his deceased brother, Don Carlos Smith, the late editor of the ‘Times and Seasons.’ His age is about thirty-five. I had not an opportunity of observing his eyes, as he appears deficient in that open straightforward look which characterises an honest man. He led the way to his house, accompanied by a host of elders, bishops, preachers, and common Mormons. On entering the house, chairs were provided for the prophet and myself, while the curious and gaping crowd remained standing. I handed a book to the prophet, and begged him to explain its contents. He asked me if I had any idea of its meaning. I replied, that I believed it to be a Greek Psalter, but that I should like to hear his opinion. ‘No,’ he said; ‘it ain’t Greek at all, except, perhaps, a few words. What ain’t Egyptian is Egyptian, and what ain’t Egyptian is Greek. This book is very valuable. It is a dictionary of Egyptian hieroglyphics.’ Pointing to the capital letters at the commencement of each verse, he said, ‘Them figures is Egyptian hieroglyphics, and them which follows in the interpretation of the hieroglyphics, written in the reformed Egyptian. Them characters is like the letters that was engraved on the golden plates.’ Upon this the Mormons around began to congratulate me on the information I was receiving. ‘There,’ they said, ‘we told you so—we told you that our prophet would give you satisfaction. None but our prophet can explain these mysteries.’” The error of taking a Greek Psalter for a specimen of Egyptian hieroglyphics, sufficiently proves the slender pretensions of Mr Joseph Smith to be a mystery-expounder.

In another part of the book, Mr Caswall relates a few personal anecdotes of this worthy, mentioned to him by credible witnesses; but they refer to such scenes of drunkenness and profanity, that we should not feel justified in transcribing them. Enough, we think, has been said to expose the character of a dangerous impostor, and to prevent individuals amongst our working population from regarding their little all on the faith of such a man's promises. We have before us a letter from an unfortunate cotton-spinner of Lancashire, which shows how necessary such a caution is. The Mormon preachers in England had described Nauvoo to him as a land overflowing with milk and honey, and a place where the divine Being had commanded a temple to be built, that might be a refuge to all mankind. Joseph Smith, at least, had certainly commanded this, as the following very unequivocal passages from his writings will show:—“Verily, verily, I say unto you, let all my saints come from afar, and send ye swift messengers, yes, chosen messengers, and say unto them, ‘Come ye with all your gold, and your silver, and your precious stones, and with all your antiquities; and all who have knowledge of antiquities that will come may come; and bring the box-tree, and the fir-tree, and the pine-tree, together with all the precious trees of the earth; and with iron, and with copper, and with brass, and with zinc, and with all your precious things of the earth, and build a house to my name, for the Most High to dwell therein: for there is not a place found upon earth, that he may come and restore again that which was lost unto you, or which he hath taken away, even the fullness of the priesthood.’”

By such blasphemous and deceitful stuff as this, the poor cotton-spinner, like too many others, was induced to go to Nauvoo, where, like other victims of delusion, he was wretchedly used.

It is needless to carry our notice of this matter further. Every shadow of evidence yet obtained tends to prove Mormonism to be a gross imposture, and one unworthy of notice, save on account of the dangers which have here been described and exposed.

#### AN OMNIBUS ADVENTURE.

ONE day an elderly gentleman, named Cartwright, stepped into an omnibus at the west end of the town, in order to pay a visit to the Bank to receive his dividends. In the Strand, the vehicle stopped, and took up a lady and a little girl, who, having seated themselves exactly opposite to Mr Cartwright, afforded him full leisure and opportunity to survey them. The first thing he remarked of the lady was, that she was both young and pretty, and the next, that she bore in her countenance evident traces of sorrow and anxiety. The little girl was very pretty too, and, whatever her mother's cause of grief might be, was yet too young to share it, for she did not look more than four years old. Interested by their appearance, Mr Cartwright made one or two attempts to address the lady; but although she answered him politely, she seemed too much absorbed in her own reflections to be disposed for conversation. Some courtesies offered to the child met with a more willing reception. Before they reached the Bank, however, he lost sight of them; they descended and turned into a street that led off at right angles, whilst the heavy omnibus rumbled on to its destination.

Receiving one's dividends is a very pleasant occupation, especially to a comfortable Leicestershire farmer, who adds something to his principal every year, which was the case with Mr Cartwright, who was an extensive breeder of sheep in that county. He was a very good-natured kind-hearted man at all times; but in consequence of the soothing effect of his errand, when, having transacted his business, he buttoned up his pockets and stepped into the omnibus to return, he felt in a more than usually complacent mood, and very well disposed to chat with his companions. Accordingly, he entered into an amicable dispute regarding the badness of the times with a passenger who sat opposite, and whose errand into the city had probably been of a less agreeable kind, seeing that he professed his belief that a period of universal ruin was approaching. Mr. Cartwright took the cheerful side of the question; averring, that in all ages it had been the fashion to abuse the present and laud the past, but for his part he did not doubt that the times were as good as any that had preceded them, if not better.

Whilst our happily-disposed friend was engaged in this argument, the omnibus suddenly stopped at exactly the same spot where the lady and the little girl had descended from it, and when the door opened, he perceived that it was to take them up again. The lady made him a slight acknowledgment of recognition, the little girl smiled in his face, but on looking at the countenance of the former, he could not help concluding that her expedition had not terminated so agreeably as his own. There were traces of recently-shed tears, and the expression of grief he had first remarked seemed now almost deepened into despair. At this sight, Mr Cartwright left off praising the times, and set himself to think what could be the matter

with his fair fellow-traveller. He wondered much if her trouble arose from want of money. She was genteelly dressed, and so was the child; but how often the outside is maintained at the expense of the inside, and with how many personal appearance the last thing sacrificed! How frequently good clothes, the only remaining relics of better days, are accompanied by an empty pocket; and the decayed gentleman or gentlewoman, whose air and attire in the street would have repelled the suspicion of poverty, retires to a fireless hearth, and lies down with a suppurous stomach!

“Perhaps,” thought Mr Cartwright, “she has been into the city to ask the assistance of some rich relation, who has refused to aid her;” and the good man ardently wished he could discover if that was the case. “Who knows but one of these five-pound notes I have in my pocket might be of the most eminent service to her, and how well I could spare it!” But how was such a delicate mystery to be discovered? Had Mr Cartwright been alone with her, he would have made a bold effort to penetrate the cause of her affliction; but there were several other passengers in the vehicle, and it was therefore impossible to venture the slightest observation on her distress. All he could do was to renew his civilities to the child, whilst the unhappy mother sat with her head as much as possible averted from the company, every now and then lifting her handkerchief to her eyes to wipe away the starting tears as they began to steal over her cheek. “Poor thing!” sighed Mr Cartwright, as they descended from the omnibus exactly at the spot where they had first joined it, and he looked out to observe which way they went. They turned down a narrow street, which led towards the river, and as Mr Cartwright caught a glimpse of the water at its extremity, it rather augmented the pain he felt at losing sight of the interesting stranger without having been able to make any effort towards alleviating her distress. He remembered how often those dark waters had proved the last refuge of the destitute—the resting-place of the wretched who could find no other; and when he sat down to his comfortable dinner at his hotel, his thoughts involuntarily reverted to the young mother and her child, and he felt, if poverty were really the evil under which she was suffering, how happy he would have been to have seen them seated at his table, and partaking of the abundant repast provided for himself.

It was not only because he was really a benevolent and kind-hearted man that Mr Cartwright felt thus, but also because he stood alone in the world than he liked. He had been married, but his wife had died childless; and he had neither brother nor sister, nor any relation alive, except his mother, a worthy old woman, who resided with him, but whom he reasonably expected to see fall before himself. Being rich, he did a great deal of good amongst the poor in his neighbourhood, and in his will he had made a benevolent disposal of his property; but he nevertheless often regretted that he had nobody to make happy with it, to whom he could be attached, and who could, in return, be attached to him; and thus, when distress presented itself before him in so interesting a form as that of the lady and her child, he could not help earnestly desiring to make further acquaintance with it. “Still, however,” as he said, “there are many evils in the world besides poverty, and many for which I can do nothing; so I had better think no more about it.” But he could not help thinking more about it; and for the few following days that he remained in town, when his business was over for the morning, he invariably found himself lounging along the Strand, and taking a turn, by the way, down the street that led to the river, in the vague hope of meeting the objects of his interest and curiosity. However, his wishes were not realised; he left London without seeing any more of them, and gradually the impression they had made faded from his mind.

Six months after this adventure, Mr Cartwright went to London again, and on precisely the same errand. He had before gone to receive his July dividends, now he went to receive his January dividends. He put up at the same hotel, and stepped into the same omnibus, at the same hour, for the purpose of being transported to the bank; but what was his surprise when the omnibus was hailed at the very same spot in the Strand, and the same lady and child got into it! “They are poor,” said he to himself, at the first glance, for the difference of their attire betrayed their secret. Their dresses were not only shabby, but insufficient for the season; and the hollow cheeks of the mother, and the faded roses of the child, told a tale of suffering and want that could not be questioned. “Providence seems to throw them in my way,” thought Mr Cartwright; “and this time it shall not be in vain.” But the lady, apparently weighed down by her afflictions, never raised her eyes, and did not see him, or, if she did, did not recognise him; whilst his attempts to make friends with the child were less successful than on the former occasion. The young spirit was nipped by penury; and cold and want had already clouded the smooth brow, and dimmed the lustre of the laughing eyes. “I must not lose sight of them,” thought Mr Cartwright, as they approached the place where they had before left the omnibus; so when the vehicle stopped to put them down, he descended also. They took the same road they had done on the former occasion, and he followed them, desiring to address them, but not knowing how to set about it; till after a little while they entered a

door which appeared to lead into a counting-house, which point being ascertained, and a probable means of tracing them thus secured, Mr Cartwright hastened on to the bank, in order that he might transact his business and return in the omnibus as before, in the hope that they might do the same. They did so; and when they left the carriage in the Strand, he left it too, and once more followed them till they entered the door of a shabby-looking house, and disappeared without his having found resolution or opportunity to address them. After walking up and down the street a little while, considering what he should do, he advanced to the same door and knocked. “There is a lady and a little girl living here,” said he to a dirty-looking woman, who answered his summons.

“Them as I let in just now!” said she.

“Yes, exactly,” replied Mr Cartwright. “What is their name?”

“Sinclair,” responded the woman.

“How long have they lived here?”

“Almost two years; but they're going away next week.”

“Has the lady a husband?” inquired Mr Cartwright.

“I believe so, but I never saw him. I heard that he had turned out ill, and had left her.”

“Do you know what her situation is? She does not appear to be in very good circumstances.”

“Not she. That's the reason she's going away—she can't afford to pay for her lodgings, and I can't afford to stand out of my money.”

“Has she any friends?” asked Mr Cartwright.

“A few people used to call on her when first she came to live here,” answered the woman; “but they have all dropped off, and you're the first person that has inquired for her for many a day. Do you know her?”

“I believe I do; and I'll thank you to let her know that a gentleman of the name of Cartwright wishes to speak to her. Perhaps she may not recollect me, but tell her I'll explain to her who I am, if she'll do me the honour to admit me.”

After a short absence, the woman returned, and desired him to follow her; and having led him up two pair of stairs, ushered him into the presence of Mrs Sinclair. Everything in the room bespoke poverty, and the dresses which the mother and child had worn half an hour before had already been changed for something more homely and faded, clearly betokening that those which had struck him as being so shabby and insufficient, were, nevertheless, the best their reduced circumstances had left them.

“I must begin, madam,” said Mr Cartwright, when the woman had closed the door, “by apologising for an intrusion which nothing could excuse but the motive that occasions it.” To this exordium the lady bowed, and a faint blush suffused her cheek; whilst the little girl, who evidently recognised her fellow-traveller, crept to his side and laid her hand upon his knee, whereupon he lifted her up and asked her if she remembered him.

“Yes,” said she. “You were in the omnibus.”

“But did you ever see me before to-day?” inquired he.

“No,” said the child.

“Ah! it is too long for you to remember; and probably even you, madam, may not recollect that six months ago we met under exactly the same circumstances as those of this morning.”

“I fancied I had seen you before, sir,” said Mrs Sinclair, “but I had quite forgotten where.”

“Well, madam,” continued Mr Cartwright, “that was not the case with me; I remembered the circumstance very well, and was extremely glad of the accident that gave me an opportunity of discovering your residence, which I often regretted I had neglected to do the first time we met.”

“Do you know me, sir?” inquired Mrs Sinclair, surprised at this appearance of interest from a stranger.

“No, madam,” replied Mr Cartwright. “I never saw you, to my knowledge, till we met in the omnibus last July. But as we may beat about the bush all day, and lose a great deal of time if I do not explain clearly the motive of my visit, I shall beg leave to come directly to the point, first apologising for the liberty I am going to take, and requesting a patient hearing.”

Mrs Sinclair having bowed her assent, Mr Cartwright hemmed two or three times to clear away the embarrassment he felt on entering upon so delicate a subject as the lady's distresses. He then proceeded to narrate how much he had been interested by the appearance of herself and of her child, and moved by the evident affliction under which she was labouring. “Whether it be true, madam,” said he, “that we are occasionally drawn towards others by particular sympathies, I know not, but certain it is, that I was more than commonly affected by your unhappiness, and more than commonly anxious to contribute towards its relief, if it were in my power. But having no means of ascertaining your name, or anything respecting your situation, I was obliged to leave town without accomplishing my wishes; but the singular coincidence which has again brought us together, leads me to hope that I am destined on this occasion to be more fortunate.”

As such instances of disinterested benevolence are not common, though we believe they are not quite so rare as the world supposes, Mrs Sinclair raised her eyes to the face of her visitor, as if she were seeking the key to his generosity. The open, honest, manly

countenance of the country gentleman was one that could well stand the test of scrutiny. "I mean nothing but what I say," continued he. "I am a plain man, and make straight to the object of my discourse. There are many afflictions for which human aid can do little, but there are others which it can alleviate, and one of these is, not being altogether well off—in short, poverty. If I am not wrong in supposing that pecuniary embarrassments form some part of your distress, pray, confide in me, and give me an opportunity of doing what will confer on myself the greatest satisfaction."

The tears started into Mrs Sinclair's eyes; she blushed, and turned pale, and hesitated. "However painful it may be, sir," she said, "it would be folly to attempt to deny that I am poor; everything you see around me attests the meagreness of my resources; and although I have other and great troubles, yet I will own that the most pressing at this moment is poverty. But what reason have I, sir, to hope that a stranger will afford me the assistance that my own connexions deny me? Why should I intrude my distresses on you? What claim have I on your benevolence?"

"Every claim, madam," replied Mr Cartwright; "at least so my feelings tell me; and of this I am certain, that your declining my assistance would give me more pain than, I think, you would be willing to inflict on a person who desires to serve you;" and in order to invite her confidence, he next proceeded to inform her who he was, and how he was situated; and, in return, she told him that she had married a young man who was a clerk in a public office, but that he had forfeited his situation through misconduct; that for sometime she had lost sight of him altogether, and that, with him, her means of subsistence had ceased, except what she had been able to earn by needlework, and a very small half yearly allowance which was paid her by a relation in the city. "It was on my way to receive that money," she said, "that I had the good fortune to meet you in the omnibus."

"And you do not know where your husband is?" said Mr Cartwright.

"No," replied she, "I do not; and I fear he has too much reason to keep out of sight. On the day I first met you, last July, I heard very afflicting intelligence with respect to him, when I went into the city;" a communication which recalled to Mr Cartwright the remarkable augmentation of grief he had observed in her countenance when she stepped into the omnibus the second time.

As space cannot be afforded here to detail the progress of the intimacy and confidence that grew up between Mr Cartwright and Mrs Sinclair, we must content ourselves with saying, that, having satisfied himself that she was well-worthy of the interest he was disposed to feel in her fortunes, he not only relieved her immediate distresses, but invited her and her child to accompany him into Leicestershire on a visit, intending to keep them there as long as it should be found agreeable to both parties. His mother, therefore, having been duly prepared for the arrival of these new inmates, the three started from London by the mail, and without accident reached Uphill, the comfortable residence of Mr Cartwright, where they met with a glad reception from his aged relative. The contrast between the luxury and abundance to which they were now introduced, and the privations their indigence had long imposed on them, were sensibly felt by the strangers, as they seated themselves at the well-served dinner table on the day of their arrival; whilst the benevolent host and hostess were intensely gratified by so favourable an opportunity of exercising their hospitality. Thus, in friendly discourse over the cheerful fire, and with much enjoyment to all parties, the first evening passed rapidly away, and at an early hour, being somewhat fatigued with their journey, the travellers retired to their beds.

It was not known to Mrs Sinclair; but the room to which she was conducted was the one that, before his journey to London, had been occupied by the master of the house. As it had a particularly warm and pleasant aspect, he had directed in his letter that it should be appropriated to the visitors, and another prepared for himself; and this was accordingly done. After returning thanks to providence for having raised them up such a friend in the hour of need, and having invoked blessings on their benefactor's house, the mother and her child stretched themselves to sleep in the good man's bed.

It was a sound sleep they fell into; the journey, the change of air, the well-appointed couch, and the peace of mind resulting from the change in their fortunes, naturally disposed them to rest, and Mrs Sinclair's anxious thoughts had repose in deep slumber for some hours, when she was suddenly aroused by a sound as of something falling in the room, and, on opening her eyes, she beheld two men, one of whom was standing with his back towards her at an old bureau, the lid of which he had just let fall, whilst the other, who had a knife in his hand, was in the act of turning away from the bed, over which, a moment before, he had been bending. "Come along," said the latter, in a low hurried voice to his companion; "the old man's not here—we must look further—there's a woman and a child in the bed—come along, lest they should wake;" and he drew his companion away.

"Are you sure they're asleep?" asked the other.

"Quite sure," answered the first. "Quick!—come

along." And they stole out of the room, softly closing the door behind them.

Mrs Sinclair looked at her child, who fortunately still slept soundly; then she slipped out of bed, and, gently opening the door, listened to discover which way the men were gone. She knew nothing of the house, neither where the servants slept, nor where her host or hostess slept, for she had seen nothing but the rooms below, and her own bed-chamber; but presently a slight creaking of a stair satisfied her that there were footsteps ascending to the floor above; so she crept after them. The thieves entered a room to the right; she approached the door, hesitating what to do, uncertain whether any one slept there, and afraid of uselessly sacrificing her own life if she discovered herself too soon; but in a moment more the voice of Mr Cartwright saying, "Who's there?" satisfied her there was no time to lose, and she pushed open the door. At the sound of this unexpected disturbance, both the men turned suddenly towards her, whilst Mr Cartwright jumped out of bed, and seized the one nearest to him by the arms. The other, on seeing this attack made upon his companion, lifted up his knife with the intention of plunging it into the breast of the man they came to murder, when Mrs Sinclair darted forwards, and seizing the robber by the arm, exclaimed, "Oh, James! for mercy's sake spare the friend and benefactor of your child!"

"Charlotte!" ejaculated the man, confounded at so unexpected a meeting; "what has brought you here?"

"We were starving, James," replied Mrs Sinclair, "I and your child, and the charity of this good man has saved us. Oh, spare him for our sakes, as well as for your own!"

"Come along, Bob!" said the man, whom the reader will by this time have discovered to be the unfortunate woman's husband; "this affair won't do;" and pushing his companion before him, he moved towards the door. There he stopped, and turning round to Mr Cartwright, who stood an amazed spectator of this scene, he said, "Sir, she has saved your life! Take care of her and the child."

"I will," said Mr Cartwright, with an earnest expression, and the robbers descended the stairs, and in a moment more left the house as they had entered it, with their hands unstained by blood, and without the booty they had been induced to come in search of, from knowing the object of Mr Cartwright's journey to London.

Mrs Sinclair never saw her unhappy husband again. Some time afterwards she learned from her relation in the city, that he had been convicted of a burglary, and was transported for life; but as his real name did not transpire, she was spared the infamy that would have recoiled upon herself and her child from the disclosure of his crimes. We need scarcely add that Mr Cartwright fulfilled his promise to the uttermost. Mrs Sinclair ended her days in peace and contentment at Uphill, which, at the death of Mr Cartwright, became the property of her daughter, who has been many years herself a happy wife and mother, having married a young clergyman of elegant accomplishments and exemplary piety.

#### SOME RECENT EXPERIMENTS IN MESMERISM.

THE Phrenological Journal for October presents, without any opinion of its own, some accounts of recent experiments in mesmerism, which seem capable of interesting a wider circle of readers. It appears that, towards the end of last year, mesmerists in England and America made the discovery, or believed themselves to have made the discovery, that, while a patient is in the sleep-walking state, or magnetic trance, it is possible for the practitioner to operate upon the various organs of the brain as these are distinguished in the system of Dr Gall—thus producing special mental manifestations according to the special organ which may be operated upon. We shall here endeavour to give a condensed view of the doings of these gentlemen, merely as something which may gratify immediate curiosity.

It was on the 7th of October that the first excitation of a cerebral organ in a magnetic patient was considered to have taken place. J. W. Gardiner, Esq., then having a female patient in the sleep-walking state, played a few notes on a small musical instrument, which caused her to wave her head from side to side in the time of the music. He then sounded the instrument without attention to harmony, when the patient was observed to shudder and appear distressed. Interrogated as to the cause of this, she said she was in pain; and, asked where the pain was, she placed a finger of each hand on the organ of Tune on one side of the head. C. B. Mansfield, Esq., practising at Cambridge, in December, upon a gentleman unusually susceptible of the magnetic influence, found that he could operate in like manner upon a special organ. The patient was taking his dinner, and indulging in a strain of comicality, to the great amusement of those around him, when Mr Mansfield touched the organ of the Ludicrous, with the intention of arresting his flow of humour; instantly his conversation became grave. Other organs are stated to have been acted upon in like manner. Another mesmerist, the friend of these gentlemen, had a patient, a young lady, who had been

confined for eighteen months to bed. While she was in the magnetic trance, he applied his finger successively to various organs, and willed that they should be excited; in the majority of cases, the result immediately followed. "Thus," he says, "the finger applied to Imitation produced the most splendid mimicry it is possible to conceive. The words and gestures of friends were copied in the most exact manner. Anecdotes which had been forgotten by all the members of the family were repeated in a way that brought the circumstances instantaneously to their recollection, notwithstanding many years had elapsed." The excitation was banished in each case by a wave of the hand over the organ. "The organs," he adds, "remained active even after the patient had resumed her natural state. This was so marked, that the attendants have frequently requested me not to demagnetise the organ of Benevolence, because, when this was allowed to continue active, she was so much more kind and affectionate."

In December, similar experiments were for the first time made in America by Dr Buchanan of Louisville. Since then, they have been tried by others in different parts of the United States, particularly in New York and Philadelphia. The Journal gives an extract from a letter dated from the last mentioned city in May of this year, relating an experiment to which the writer was witness, and in which all the parties were of such character as yielded assurance of the most perfect good faith on their parts. A Mr N. being thrown into the somnambulistic state, the experimenter put his finger in succession on parts of the head of the former, corresponding with some of the phrenological organs. The same results as those above detailed followed. "It was not a little amusing," says the writer of the letter, "to see the lofty air of Self-Esteem and expression of contempt for others quickly succeeded by the deferential manner and language of Vanity, the endearing expressions and gestures of Love of Children, the animation of Adhesiveness, the rude boisterousness and preparation for fight of Combativeness, the mimic drawing of the bowie knife and reckless disregard of life of Destructiveness. In like manner were developed, and with great vivacity of expression and manner, the manifestations of the faculties of Tune, Colour, Order, Weight, Form, and Locality. Mr N., who is very fond of music, imitated various sounds as of the horn, and the movements of rapid and emphatic fingering of, and as if sweeping over, the piano-forte; and at last, so great was his delight, that he exhibited it by sundry odd gestures, one might say contortions, with accompanying vocal sounds. \* \* \* But most extraordinary was the simultaneous manifestation of two faculties of very different natures, such as Covetousness and Conscientiousness, or Combativeness and Conscientiousness. Under the impulse of Combativeness, he was raised on the ground, had, in idea, a dagger drawn, and threw himself into a most menacing attitude; when, on Conscientiousness being touched, his whole manner underwent a change; he drew his before extended and uplifted hand quickly to his breast, thrust away then rapidly his supposed weapon, and buttoned up quickly his coat. The gradual unfolding of the feeling of Acquisitiveness, from the moment when he first saw something in view—bags with strings twisted round them, and his knowledge then of their contents, with a desire of possession, up to an appeal to his companion, whom he supposed to be present, whether they could not without danger appropriate the money to their own use, was a natural and fine piece of acting, if we were to regard it in that light. So, also, was his quickly dropping the money, and his expressions of misgiving at the act when Conscientiousness was touched. \* \* \* Mr N. said that he remembered much that had transpired in his magnetic state. His manners and deportment are reserved, and he is quite diffident and averse to exhibition, and to practical jokes or rough mirth of any kind." The writer adds, that experiments have been performed upon thirteen persons at Philadelphia, and he instances the case of a young lady who was quite unacquainted with the presumed locality of the cerebral organs.

In the course of the spring and summer of the present year, various gentlemen in England have pursued this line of investigation. Mr Brookes of Birmingham has made several private exhibitions in London, the patient being a young female servant of his own, who is said to have been cured of epileptic fits and insanity by what is called a course of mesmerism. The Journal contains a letter of a correspondent giving an account of a series of exhibitions of this girl, to which he was witness. "She appeared," he says, "to be about twenty years of age, of a nervous and rather unhealthy appearance, and extremely modest and timid demeanour." Mr Brookes was morally certain that she knew nothing whatever of the system of Gall. It was the practice of this experimenter only to hold his fingers within about an inch of the head, instead of touching it. It was arranged, says the letter-writer, that the organs to be mesmerised should not be mentioned in hearing of the patient, but that he should write them on slips of paper, and hand these to Mr Brookes. It was also agreed that no leading questions should be put to the girl, but only these two, "How do you feel?" and "What are you thinking of?" At the exhibition to be detailed, one other gentleman was present. The girl was, in about ten minutes, thrown into mesmeric sleep, or coma, from which she was brought by patting and shaking into the state in which a con-

versation can be carried on, when there could be no doubt of her condition being peculiar, as the pupils of her eyes were expanded so as to occupy the whole space of the iris—a state in which, it may be remarked, there can be no vision.

"Wishing to witness the effect on the small convolutions of the knowing organs, I wrote down 'Form,' showed it to the other stranger, and handed it to Mr Brookes. He incidentally stated—as an answer to one objection, namely, that the mesmeriser's *willing* a particular manifestation, may, from what is known of mesmerism, produce it by mesmeric sympathy—that manifestations sometimes came out which he did not will, in consequence of a neighbouring organ being excited. This happened in the present mesmerisation of Form, for Size was put into activity. I placed myself so as to see, *with the strictest watchfulness*, all that Mr Brookes did, and to hear all that he said to his patient, or she answered to him. She sat, and he stood without in any way touching her. Mr Brookes's fingers were, for about a minute, held half an inch from Form, being very silently brought near. To the question, 'What are you thinking about?' she answered, 'I am in the Park; I see many people and pretty things. I see such handsome faces; but everything is big (Size excited). I am big myself; my hand is so large.' Here I wrote 'Weight,' feeling a peculiar interest to observe, from the manifestation, whether that much-disputed organ was rightly located and named. Mr Brookes's fingers shifted silently onwards over it, and almost instantly the patient of herself repeated, 'I am so big; and oh! so heavy.' She now showed considerable agitation and alarm, and seized hold of Mr B., saying, 'Oh, my weight will break the floor! I shall fall; I am falling!' The next organ, Colour, having been influenced without Mr B.'s intention, nosegays, or, as she called them, posies, appeared to her 'beautiful flowers, but so large and so heavy—oh, they will fall upon and crush me; they are so big and so heavy, they will hurt me; they are flying over me; a cat or a dog is flying over me, and will fall and hurt me!' Mr B. diminished the mesmeric influence by a rapid movement of his hand over the organs, as if brushing flies from the face; and Form, Size, Weight, and Colour, with Individuality, which seemed to have been mesmerised when Form and Size were approached, all at last acting together, became tranquil, and ceased to manifest themselves. As the patient had hitherto been in perfectly good humour, I wrote 'Destructiveness' for the next experiment. Mr B.'s fingers were for a minute or two held to the organ. A cross expression came over the patient's countenance. To the usual question, she answered, with considerable temper, 'Don't bother me; I could stamp my foot; I feel very angry,' showing at the same time the quick movements of anger, clenching the hands, &c. As a contrast, Benevolence was influenced, when the countenance relaxed into good humour and gentleness, and all the natural language of irritation was gone. 'How do you feel?' 'Very well; very happy; I would wish all to be happy.' Another contrast was suddenly tried in Self-Esteem; the change was striking. The expression assumed was proud and repulsive. To the question, 'What are you thinking of?' the answer was, 'Why do you speak to me? You insult me.' When asked how, she answered, 'Speaking to me insults me.' 'Explain yourself.' 'I won't explain; that would be making myself less than you. I am above you; I will not condescend to explain; it is not worth my while.' Naturally, the girl is remarkably humble and respectful to her master. Venerability was suddenly mesmerised, as if another note of the instrument had been struck—and she became silent, and no longer haughty in her expression and attitude. 'What are you thinking of?' was repeatedly asked before she answered, her manner being that of some absorbing meditation. At last she replied, 'I am thinking of another world.' 'Well,' said Mr B., 'no one is proud or conceited there.' 'No! God views us all alike. We should bow to him, but we don't.' Mr B., 'What made you fancy that you were above me? I suppose you think yourself as good as the queen!' Answer, 'The queen and the beggar are the same in the sight of God.' \* \* \* Tunc was mesmerised as she was talking. For a considerable time no result followed; but at last the patient began to sing; we recognised one of Watt's hymns, with a hymn tune. The voice was musical and sweet, but subdued, as of one singing in sleep. She continued to sing much longer than we wished, and was with difficulty stopped. Alimentiveness was next called forth, and soon every feeling and thought was gone but this one. Mr Brookes afterwards told me that voracity had been a feature of the girl's insanity, and that, when excited, the organ always acted morbidly, and continued to act long after she waked. It did so on this occasion. It first shewed itself by an angry inquiry—for its neighbour, Destructiveness, was roused by sympathy—'Why did she not get her dinner?' Mr B., 'Dinner! why, you have just had your breakfast.' 'I am very hungry—I have two stomachs.' Mr B., 'Will you have some potatoes?' 'Yes, yes! (earnestly) I could eat a whole peck, and more when that is done.' I suggested beans and bacon, which, without my knowledge, is, it seems, a very favourite food with Sarah. Instantly her demand for beans and bacon was vehement; other things were suggested, but nothing but beans and bacon was listened to." [On a subsequent occasion,

when Alimentiveness was excited, the girl spontaneously called for beans and bacon, and, when awoken, so urgent did she continue to be for this dish, that Mr Brookes was obliged to procure it for her. "He resolved never to awaken beans and bacon again."] "This, the most troublesome organ yet tried, was for the time quieted by much waving over and blowing upon it. Imitation being then written down—Mr B., 'What are you thinking of?' Answer, 'My mother. If I were at home, she would give me beans and bacon—that tow would, mother' (imitating the provincial language of her mother). She then spoke like 'Tommy Addison' of her village, and next like the minister, when he preached. As she laughed when she did all this, we concluded that Wit or Laughter had been influenced at the same time with Imitation. Sarah was then awakened, looked bewildered, and then abashed; and said, when asked, that she had no recollection of anything that had passed during her mesmeric state."

Here, for the present, we leave this curious subject. To many, we are sensible, it must appear foolishness; but why to such persons should it not appear equally absurd to suppose that a small bit of opium will produce gorgeous dreams, or a supper of pork griskins the night-mare? The brain is undoubtedly the organ of the mind, and a most wonderful instrument it is. Its action appears to be connected with that subtle agent which takes the various names of galvanism, magnetism, &c., but is proved to be fundamentally one thing. Why, therefore, may it not be supposed liable to be operated upon in the way described? It is easy to meet such subjects with scepticism and scoffing; but a genuine lover of natural investigation, and one who is at the same time candid and honest, would be more likely to see in them traces of some important though unascertained natural laws, and disposed, for that reason, to give them the benefit of a careful inquiry.

#### GEIKIE'S ETCHINGS.

THE etchings of the late unfortunate Mr Geikie are at length issued in a complete form, along with the illustrative letter-press, and a biographical introduction by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Bart.\* Geikie was a true child of genius, and to what height his industry would have carried him, if blessed with hearing and speaking, may be inferred from his wonderful efforts under the melancholy deprivation of these faculties. Geikie—we write more particularly for the information of southern readers—was a native of Edinburgh, his father being a respectable perfumer in that city, and he was born in Charles's Street (1795), in the midst of the suburban scene in which Sir Walter Scott spent the earliest years of his life. When nearly two years of age, a nervous fever destroyed his organs of hearing, and consequently he was doomed to the calamity of being ever afterwards deaf and dumb. Thrown thus very much on his own powers of amusement, a natural taste for drawing was eagerly practised. While yet a child, as his biographer informs us, his turn for this delightful recreation was manifested in "attempts to cut out in paper representations of the objects which came within his observation. He began also from his earliest youth to sketch figures with chalk on floors and walls, and from these attempts he gradually advanced to the employment of pencils and paper. Having once acquired the use of these implements, he made frequent sallies from the city into the outskirts, where, with the fullest enjoyment, he would fill his sketchbook with picturesque subjects of every description, animate as well as inanimate. Often has our informant accompanied him whilst on such rambles, and frequently has he stood beside the young artist, where, perched upon a wall, or some other elevated place out of reach of danger from wheeled vehicles, he would busy himself with his pencil in catching, with all that truth and accuracy so uniformly displayed by his sketches, those traits of feature and of character, with the union and combination of which his genius afterwards so luxuriantly recreated itself throughout his whole life. Observing that his bias was thus so unequivocally manifested, his father was desirous to give it every encouragement; and, accordingly, when Geikie was about the age of fourteen, he was sent to study under Mr Patrick Gibson, and in May of the year 1812, he was admitted into the drawing academy established by the Honourable the Commissioners of the Board of Trustees for the encouragement of Scottish Manufactures, a school which has been the nursery for so many artists who have done honour to Scotland, and through whose works the taste displayed in the industrial arts has been so much improved."

Being in time initiated in the mysteries of the pallet, Geikie became a painter by profession; but a radical deficiency as to colouring, and likewise as to taste, or more properly a want of any great perception of the truly elegant in art, and for which his physical disabilities sufficiently account, limited the scope of his pencil, and, following the bent of his broad humour, he addressed himself to the etching of pieces such as have now appeared. In thus following a line of art not unlike that pursued so successfully by Cruikshank, he was continually on the watch for cha-

racteristic subjects for his pencil. His main field was Edinburgh, and its environs; and there he was indefatigable in picking up all kinds of oddities. His execution was surprisingly rapid; "and, indeed," says his biographer, "so great was the facility and rapidity with which he used his crayon, that it was by no means an uncommon thing for him to catch the contour of odd figures, or of remarkable features, together with all the raciness of character which they exhibited, whilst he was walking by the side of the originals in the streets."

An anecdote regarding one individual, who makes a very conspicuous appearance among the characters to be found in his etchings, is worth relating, as an example of the difficulties he encountered, and the risks to which he was sometimes exposed in his attempts to gratify the ardent desire he had to collect the portraits of such people whom he saw in the street, whose figures, features, or general appearance, were of a description calculated to strike his humorous fancy. The man to whom we now allude, was a porter in the Grassmarket, somewhat pot-bellied, and with that projection and hang of the nether lip, and elevation of nose, that gives to the human countenance a certain air of vulgar importance. In this subject it seemed to say, 'though I'm a porter, I'm no fool.' Geikie had made various attempts to get sufficiently near this man to sketch his figure and physiognomy. Day after day he haunted his intended victim, without obtaining the least chance of him. At length, however, he thought he had caught a favourable opportunity. But he had hardly taken out his sketch-book from his pocket, and sharpened his pencil, when the porter perceiving him, and suspecting his intention, immediately moved away, and plunged into the crowded market. Like a young Highland sportsman, who wishes to get a shot at an old fox, who may have dodged into cover, Geikie, with his pencil and paper in hand, prowled about, now worming his way through the crowd after his prey, and now stealing around the outskirts of it, watching for a glimpse of him. The porter all this time was on his guard, and took especial care to keep behind some knot of farmers or corn-dealers, so as to defy the attempts of his young persecutor, until at last when the market began to thin, and his hopes of defeating the foul intention against him ebbed away with the lessening crowd, he lost all patience, and abused and threatened his tormentor with great fury both of words and of action. The first were of course lost upon the poor deaf lad, although there was no mistaking the meaning shake of the porter's mutton fist. But as this only threw his subject into a more tempting attitude, the artist's fervour for his art rendered him utterly regardless of consequences, and he proceeded to the exercise of his pencil with the utmost enthusiasm. This so enraged the porter, that, roaring like an infuriated bull, he rushed at him to give him immediate chastisement, and before Geikie had time to apply the point of the pencil to the paper, he was obliged to fly to save his bones from being beaten to mummy. Though well built for carrying weight, the porter was of mould that rendered him anything but fit for racing; and as Geikie had by much the heels of him, he stopped every now and then as he fled, like a Parthian, up the Grassmarket, to have a shot behind him with his pencil at his pursuer, who was puffing, and blowing, and labouring after him. But this only the more excited the fury of the porter, and made him strain every nerve to catch him, so that not only could Geikie make no use of the drawing implements which he carried in his hand, but the porcupine in pursuit of him so pressed upon him, that he in his turn was compelled to look out for some place into which he could escape for temporary shelter. Fortunately an open stair, common to the doors of all the various inhabitants who occupied its respective flats, most opportunely presented itself. Into this he rushed, and the porter conceiving that he had retreated into some of the dwellings it contained, halted in the street opposite to it, and putting his arms behind him, under the tails of his coat, he stood panting and heaving till he recovered his breath, with a full resolution of waiting till his enemy should venture forth from that which he believed might be merely a temporary place of concealment in the house of some acquaintance. Now was the time for Geikie, and he was not the man to lose it. Fortunately there was a window in the first flat of the common stair, through which he had a most perfect view of his subject, though its dirt-begrimmed panes of glass completely concealed his own figure from view. With a few touches of his powerful crayon, he very quickly made the man his own property. This was all very well, but how was he to escape from the porter, who still continued to stand doggedly, like a sentry on his post, surveying all the windows of the huge tenement long after Geikie would have most willingly seen him relieved from it. There was no alternative for the poor artist but to remain a prisoner in the common stair until the porter should give up his watch, and this he did not do for some hours, until his patience being at last exhausted, or some job occurring to his mind that called him away, he slowly and unwillingly retired, grumbling as he went, cursing the object of his wrath, and vowing vengeance, and then, Geikie stealing forth from his hiding-place, hurried homewards as fast as he could run, and without once looking over his shoulder."

The career of this ingenious and amiable being was soon to be brought to a close. Failing to make known

an ailment which affected him till it was too late, he sank under the disease, and died August 1, 1837, at the age of forty-one.

The series of this unfortunate artist's productions has extended to fifteen numbers, each containing several etchings along with characteristically written illustrations from the pens of various of our northern luminaries; and a more interesting work could not well be pointed out to the lovers of humour and patrons of artistic merit.

#### AN ENGLISHMAN'S TOUR AMONG SCOTCH FARMERS.

THE method of conducting agricultural operations in the Lothians, or counties of Haddington, Edinburgh, and Linlithgow, is allowed, we believe, to be the best in Scotland, and has long served as a model for the farmers of other districts. Whether the Lothian husbandry is superior to that of Norfolk and a few other highly improved quarters of England, we are unable to say, but it is gratifying to know that English agriculturists are beginning to visit the shores of the Firth of Forth, in order to acquaint themselves practically with the mode of farming there so successfully pursued. The latest account we have seen of an English farmer's tour of inspection, is one written by Mr Robert Hyde Greg, an intelligent agriculturist of Herefordshire, and communicated by him in a letter to the editor of the *Manchester Guardian*. Both that Scotsman may know what a stranger thinks of their proceedings, and that Englishmen may have an idea of how our farmers conduct their affairs, we beg to make the following extract from Mr Greg's letter:—

"It would be uninteresting to the general reader, were I even competent to do it, which I am not, to enter minutely into details; those capable of understanding them should visit the country; and whether they do so on a tour of profit or amusement, they will be most amply repaid.

The general conviction which remains upon my mind is this, that with a system equal to that of the Lothians, established throughout England, landlords might receive double rents, farmers be rich and prosperous, and the country be rendered for two generations independent of foreign supplies, notwithstanding an abolition of all protective duties. I am confident the agricultural produce of England, Wales, and the west of Scotland, might be doubled, and that of Lancashire and Cheshire tripled, and this without any material addition to the agricultural population.

The Lothian farms consist each of from 200 to 500 Scotch acres, the Scotch acre being one-fourth larger than the English statute acre; and I shall limit my remarks to the current acre of the Lothians, not knowing whether it is, or is not, the common measure of Scotland. Some few farms are rather smaller, chiefly those a few miles from Edinburgh, upon which it is not necessary to keep stock for the purpose of manure, and some few are larger, where stock are fattened for market; but a farm of 300 to 500 acres is, by common consent, the utmost which one farmer is thought capable of managing himself, just as a concern of 500 looms is considered, in this country, enough for the personal superintendence of one man.

The farm-buildings are small, compact, and situated near the centre of the farm, and have always a steam-engine of six to eight horse-power for thrashing and other purposes. The corn is put up in stacks in a stack-yard, near the thrashing-machine; the stacks being of such a size as that one may furnish a day's work for the thrashing-machine. At the entrance of the farm-yard is the dwelling of the *greve*, or bailiff; for every farmer keeps a bailiff, who superintends everything on the farm, and is cognisant of everything that goes in or out of the farm-buildings.

A fact which struck me much was, that the *greve* received only one shilling a-week more than the ploughman. The explanation given me is equally remarkable, that every man on the farm has knowledge enough for the situation of *greve*, but that every man has not the qualifications which fit him for the management of other men, or perhaps is not sufficiently trustworthy for so responsible a situation. That this requisite knowledge for conducting a farm of 500 acres may be had for 12s. a-week (the wages of a ploughman), and that 1s. extra will command the extra qualifications for a bailiff, speak eloquently what education has done for the peasantry of this part of Scotland. I found the *greves* universally clever, acute, and sensible, and their minds open to what was passing in the world, beyond the limits of their own farm or immediate neighbourhood.

The farmer's dwelling-house is generally a little in front of the farm-buildings, a neat, comfortable house, with kitchen and flower-garden attached.

The farmers themselves are men of much superior education, manners, and style of living to the possibly equally wealthy ones of the farming counties of England—even Lincolnshire and Norfolk—where the farms are of about equal extent with those of the Lothians. As a class, they would compare more with master manufacturers of Lancashire—so keen and pushing. Few of them are without a handsome pheasant for the use of the female members of their family; they are all of most hospitable habits; and I was informed that, excepting for a month at seed time, and the same at harvest, they have company at home or dine out at least three times a-week. One feature throughout the Lothian farms may be remarked—a great uniformity in the quality of the crops. Not as elsewhere, here a good farmer and there a bad one; here a failing crop, there a middling one; and here, again, a finer one; but nearly all the same, showing that farming

is there reduced to a science, leaving nothing uncertain but the seasons, and which, affecting all nearly alike, do not materially affect the uniformity I speak of.

The present season has been remarkably favourable in the Lothians, as a whole, though somewhat too dry. The wheat would average about five quarters to the acre; and in the seventy or eighty acres on the same farm, it would sometimes be difficult to point out a square yard which carried more or fewer ears than the rest of the field. The farms are divided into fields of from twenty to fifty acres each; the hedges are clipt low and thin, and the ditches covered in, so as to occupy as little space as possible. There are no trees in the hedge-rows, and few furrows in the land, all being laid down flat; and thus, between one thing and another, the entire area of the farm is made productive, and the expense of fences and gates is reduced to a minimum.

Another thing worth noting is, that permanent grass, either as meadow or pasture, is unknown, or nearly so; the only hay, or pasture, is derived from artificial grass, sown in the regular rotation of crop, and which remains two years down, and is then ploughed up and followed by oats. The crops of artificial grass were extremely heavy. I counted in one field of sixteen acres no less than 234 sheep, from 150 to 200 of which had been on the land since the 1st of April. On another farm, a field of the same size had on it 20 cows; and in both, the feed, chiefly white clover, was abundant, and of the finest quality.

The rent of the Lothian farms is from L8, 10s. to L7 per acre; and these high rents the farmers not only pay, but *thrice* upon; indeed, a more thriving set of men I never met with. They are enabled to pay these rents, and thrive, partly by the *heavy crops arising from skilful cultivation*, and partly by *economy of management* in every department. Actual wages, however, are as high as in England, namely, 10s. to 11s. a-week for a common labourer, 12s. for a ploughman, and 9d. a-day for women—ten hours to the day. As to the great amount of produce, it must be remembered that *all the land is under the plough*. Five quarters of wheat are reckoned a good average, but some fields turn out six to the acre. Ten or eleven quarters of oats, eight to ten tons of potatoes, and twenty-six to thirty tons of turnips, are reckoned good fair crops. Economy of management is shown in many ways:—

1. In the position and quality of farm-buildings, in having no land lying idle or unproductive, and in the use of machines and horses, instead of manual labour, wherever circumstances admit of it.

2. By confining attention to as few points as possible. Thus, instead of buying stock to feed off the grass during the two years the land is seeded down, it is let off to stock-feeders or butchers, at generally about L6 the acre per annum, and the farmer's attention and capital is thereby saved from distraction and division. They contract, in like manner, to supply turnips, or both stalls and turnips, &c., for the winter, at so much the ton for turnips, or at so much the head to the stock-feeder; and as the stock-feeder, in his turn, becomes limited to his own peculiar branch of business. The dairyman, in the same way, hires the fields in grass by the year, or for the summer, and contracts for his turnips during winter; thus attending to nothing but his cows, which, by-the-way, he scrupulously milks *three times a-day* for at least half the year. In a similar spirit, also, instead of getting up his potatoes himself, and with a *fork*, as is done with us, the Lothian farmer sells his crop of potatoes at L14 to L20 per acre, according to the crop and state of markets, *to a dealer*. The farmer then *tucks up the potatoes with the plough*; the dealer appears with a hundred women and children, and sacks and scales; and the whole crop is transferred from the field to the market, or shipped for London, in one-tenth the time, and at one-tenth the expense, which would be required in England.

3. Economy in the use and keep of horses.—Such an abuse as *three horses to a plough*, except to the subsoil plough, is unknown. The universal complement for 100 acres I found to be two pair of horses, two ploughmen, and one labourer; the number of women and children varying with the particular crop, perhaps six or eight during the season.

In this small allowance of horses, it must be remembered that the whole 100 acres are arable, there being no permanent pasture. The winter-keep of the horses is a mixture of half-chopped straw, or chopped anything, and *half-steamed turnips* or potatoes; and this feed is found not only much cheaper than hay and oats, but the horses are kept in better condition, and enjoy better health. No horses could look in finer condition than they did, without exception.

All the Lothian farms are held on nineteen years' leases, and the rents wholly, or partly, corn rents, rising and falling with the yearly fluctuations of the price of corn. The tendency of the corn rent I conceive to be to throw fluctuations in the value of a farm—that arising from an alteration of corn-laws, for example—upon the landlord, instead of the tenant.

Without a long lease, the farmers would not lay out their capital in the free manner they now do; and with a long lease, they feel independent of their landlords, more as if they were the actual proprietors, and altogether hold themselves higher, and with good reason, than the most wealthy of our English farmers. In consequence of this independence, and part ownership, as it were, of their farms, men of much superior rank, education, and capital, engage in the business of farming, than is the case in England, or, indeed, *than ever will be the case in England*, under existing circumstances.

The foundation of all improvements in the Scotch farming is the *system of thorough draining*; and as essential is this considered, that most of the land is deemed unworthy of being farmed at all until it has undergone this operation. Thorough draining is a series of drains, of tiles or broken stones, made at regular distances, from fifteen to thirty feet or more apart, according to the nature of the soil, over the whole field. This may be called the new system of draining, as opposed to the old one of cutting a

few deep drains where springs actually show themselves, and which mode of draining is now, I believe, entirely abandoned by the best farmers. For minute directions on this and other branches of the subject, I refer to the book of Professor Low on Scotch husbandry, which is considered the best authority. I will merely remark, that it is advisable, in every case, to lay the drains in the old furrows, not across them; and the drains themselves should be from sixteen to eighteen inches deep. When made with stones, the top of the drain may be brought nearer the surface than is safe with tiles, and also when the land is for permanent grass, than when intended for arable; but I believe the tops, even of stone drains on grass lands, should be at least twelve inches below the surface of the ground, and that tile drains, in arable land, should not approach the surface nearer than eighteen or twenty inches.

The sums spending at present in Scotland upon thorough draining are immense. It will be seen, in the following notes of the farms I visited, that one farmer had laid out L1800 in thorough draining alone, during the two first years of his lease. I will now put down a few extracts from my notes of the farms I visited, and shall call them by different numbers, that the actual farms may not be recognised:—

No. 1. Meadow land in small holdings—where the common sewers of the town discharge—one or two miles from Edinburgh, the grass constantly cut and taken into town for cows and horses; rent L15 per acre.

No. 2. At two miles from town, with ample supply of town manure; potatoes and turnips carried daily into Edinburgh for sale; rent L7 per acre.

No. 3. Farm 340 acres; old lease of ten years lately expired; old rent, L1700, or L5 per acre.

The farmer took off L18,000 to L20,000, and has just bought a handsome estate in the neighbourhood, which he is improving.

This farm is re-let, on a new lease for ten years, at a rent of L200, or L6 per acre.

No. 4. 250 acres, at three miles from Edinburgh; rent L1000 to L1200. Thrashing machine, with dressers and finishers, on most approved principle, made by Carlow, of Lenny Port, Corstorphine, Edinburgh; cost L85, exclusive of gearing; steam-engine, six horses' power, complete, for L120, of Edinburgh manufacture. Last year, the crop of wheat on this farm reached six quarters to the acre, and the whole was sold at 80s. per quarter. Contracts with blacksmith at L3 per annum, for each pair of horses, including shoeing, gear, plough and cart repairs, but no renewal. Laid by last year L700, besides living.

No. 5 and 6. In one hand, or at least under one management. Last year and this together, has spent L1800 in draining alone; this done with broken stones, which seems generally preferred; is not only cheaper, but more durable than tiles. When tiles are used, always put *flats or pans* for them to rest on. Draining here varies from 18 to 60 feet between drains.

For seeding down 1 bushel of rye grass, 8 lb. red clover, 4 lb. white, 4 lb. yellow, or trefoil—all per acre. If intended to lie down three years, or indeed two, reverses the quantities of red and white clover. Lets his grass, and contracts for sale of his turnips with a dairyman.

No. 7. 500 acres; rent L1750; seven miles from Edinburgh. Too far from town to benefit, like the other farms, and a stiffer quality of land; grows less potatoes and turnips, but very fine beans, and obliged to keep stock. General stock for fattening, three years old, Angus breed; but some cross of the Caithness cow and short-horn bull, quite fat at two years old. Best manure, half rape, half dung; only good when used with dung; buys whole cargoes of rape. The gentleman who farms this, and his two brothers, pay together L4500 rent.

[Nos. 8 and 9 may be passed over as of less importance.]

No. 10. A farm, or, we should call it, an estate, of 600 acres, lately purchased for L70,000, without a single attraction of any kind but to a farmer. The proprietor has just laid out about L5000 pounds in a new steading, or farm buildings, compact and complete, containing stalls for twenty-five horses, eight horse steam-engine, and every possible convenience for carrying on so large a concern. It contains numerous pens for stock-feeders, the farm to supply them with turnips for winter and grass for summer; but it is not intended, I was given to understand, to meddle with stock themselves, without necessity, following out the plan of attending only to one branch of business.

The general course of cropping in the Lothians seems to be, wheat, after summer fallow, or not; turnips, or potatoes; barley; seeds, down for one, two, or three years, as circumstances vary; oats. When further from town manure, and land stiffer, a crop of beans and pease is taken. In the East Lothians we saw comparatively few pastures, whilst in the West Lothians it appears to be the grand crop.

The best approximation I could come to, as to the division of the gross proceeds of a farm, gives—rent 33, expenses 47, and profit and interest 20 per cent.; total, 100 per cent.

I have thus endeavoured to give, in a somewhat unconnected way, the result of my observations on the Lothian farming, where high rents, high profits, and a well-paid and contented peasantry, are all seen combined in a pleasing union. There is as wide a difference between the system existing there, and in these parts of England, as between that pursued in the small detached spinning-mills of thirty years ago, and what is now practised in the first-rate factories.

It is an interesting question, but one I am not going to enter upon, how this improved system of cultivation can be introduced into England, particularly into our own and the neighbouring counties? Where are the landlords ready to grant a nineteen years' lease? Where the farmers of sufficient intelligence and capital to manage successfully 500 acres, and willing and able to lay out L1000 to L1800 in draining alone, during the two first years of their lease? Where the ploughmen educated enough to convert into bailiffs, on such farms, for an extra shilling a-week?

I am inclined to think the superior and more practical education of the Scotch has been at the bottom of the

improved state of things. Education has given the knowledge which has enabled them to apply their capital with success, and to extract from the landowner the long lease which enables them to invest their capital with safety, as well as success."

#### THE RECLUSE IN THE COUNTRY.

[A paper under the above title appeared in a deceased provincial periodical about twenty years ago. Lighting upon it by chance, we have been so much pleased with its placid old-gentlemanly tone and quaint pleasant semi-pastoral style, as to deem it worthy of being disinterred from its original situation. It is here presented in an abridged form.]

It has been my favoured fortune to spend the greater part of my life in the country. I succeeded in my youth, by the death of my uncle, to a small but beautiful estate, upon which, throughout life, I have with little intermission continued to reside. It is situated in the west of Scotland, in one of those intermediate ranges of country, possessing few of the uniform and less inviting features of an agricultural district, but delightfully diversified by those picturesque undulations of hill and plain, which mark the near approach to the more grand and majestic scenes of the Highlands. In its general features, it partakes much of a pastoral air; and when I wander, in a calm summer evening, amidst that singularly rich and varied scenery which it displays, either carelessly tracing the picturesque windings of one of its clear and swift streams, or reclined upon some wooded bank, beneath a dark and grateful shade, while I look out upon the windings of the water, which, far in the distance, streaks the richly-wooded valley with its silver gleam, while the sun is seen in splendour, slowly sinking behind the majestic mountains of the west—I say I feel disposed to doubt if any of your pastoral writers, in all their fables of *Tempe* and *Arcadia*, have ever conceived a scene more rich and delightful to the eye, or more soothing and grateful to the heart.

The family mansion in which I reside is one of very old erection, to which, as the wants or caprice of its successive owners have led them, a variety of additions have been made. Its site is delightfully romantic and beautiful, upon the summit of a somewhat steep and rugged eminence; and I confess, when I see my old fabric with its numerous and variously-disposed turrets—its broad and massive winding-stair in front—its tall and irregular chimneys, which shoot aloft into the air—its venerable windows, looking out in every variety of size and antiquity of shape, while several majestic trees, vigorous and luxuriant in their age, tower above the whole, with their far out-spreading and over-arching branches, I often think my old mansion a more picturesquely beautiful object, and that it harmonises more fittingly and impressively with the scene, than many of our more elegant and fairly-proportioned fabrics.

Like all true lovers of the country, I delight in gardening. My garden is spread out upon the irregular and sloping bank in front of my house. It looks towards the south, and the entrance towards it is by an old arched gateway, overgrown with briar and honeysuckle, which salute you as you enter with the rich diffusion of their sweets. I have been anxious that my garden should, at the same time, partake somewhat of the nature of an orchard. My fruit-trees are not disposed in corresponding rows and succession, but fancifully thrown into groups, and occasionally mingled with some rich and graceful forest trees. At the foot of the bank runs a rapid and clear rivulet, which still flows copiously, even amid the heats of summer. Its margin is thickly wooded, and here and there I have introduced an apple or plum-tree, or several tall flowering shrubs, whose blossoms give additional beauty and animation to the more sober livery of the other forest-trees. When fatigued with my garden labours, I often retire from the noon-tide heat to the dark and grateful shade of this grove. There I hear the murmurs of the stream, hid by the luxuriant foliage around me, or through some remote opening seen stealing softly and swiftly along, like the report of a noble action, which its doer seeks not to reveal. Here, while the progress and varying appearance of every plant and tree interest me in a way which you cannot perhaps easily conceive, I derive health and recreation from those occupations which the changing seasons and nearly every month in the year present; and when the time advances for gathering in the produce of my orchard, while I shake my trees, and am pelted by a shower of my own Ledingtons or Pippins, and see my adventurous little boy perched high upon branch, and stretching his hand to some apple desirable in his eye, and my daughters gathering the fruit as it drops, while my servants convey it in sacks and baskets to the garner, I feel some of those emotions of delicious and tranquil satisfaction which Rousseau, the most eloquent of moderns, has described in such glowing colours as experiencing himself when engaged in a similar occupation.

But the amusement in which, of all others, I take most delight, is that of angling, and especially that of fly-fishing, in which, you must know, I regard myself nearly as dexterous as old Isaac Walton, or his sporting friends, R. Roe, or "honest" Nat, who angled till he was ninety-five. The river is distant several miles, and can only be reached by threading the fields, and traversing a long range of wild heath. Having selected a day which promised to suit the sport, I set off, accompanied by my little boy, with the first dawn of the morning, while the dew lies heavy upon the grass,

and the clouds yet hang in one dark unseparated mass in the heavens. By the time we have reached the extremity of the heath, the fleecy vapours are seen slowly rolling up the sides of the mountains; we hear the rushing of the stream, as we descend the rugged pass which leads to it; while the sun is seen slowly breaking through the clouds of the east, going forth in that march which animates and gladdens all nature. Having, as quickly as my impatience will allow me, fitted my rod, chosen pair of flies—perhaps the "green-tail" or "yellow-watchit"—to suit the aspect of the day, and slipped on my wading-shoes, I give my line one or two careless throws, to free it from its folds, and make it fall sweetly and softly in the stream; and having folded back the sleeve of my coat from my wrist, I then put my best skill and dexterity into play. Were I here, sir, to describe to you the keen abiding pleasure I feel while thus engaged in this most peaceful and delightful of all sports, your readers, I fear, would either not understand me, or regard my expressions as hyperbolic. I am then seen, my basket swung beneath my left arm, slowly wading and descending the stream, and feeling, whilst the water beats against my limbs, a delicious and refreshing coolness. I am seen often crossing to opposite sides of the river, that I may more dexterously throw my line into the wished-for places; not, perhaps, into the stronger and more rapid parts of the stream, but into the dark whirls and eddies, occasioned by some projecting bank or stone, or into that side of a pool which is overspread by a deeper shade. I have often, in such a solitude, yielding to my excursive and wandering thoughts, delighted to figure to myself, in the oden time, the accomplished Sir Henry Wotton, the elegant Cotton, and the venerable Walton, the darling friend of those great and pious men whom he so impressively perpetuates, finding in this peaceful sport a healthful and refreshing relaxation from their labours studies, or more harassing pursuits.

When I have amused myself sufficiently—by which time, like all very keen anglers, the sun is generally declining in the west—I unscrew my rod, and deposit my hooks and lines in my pocket-book till another day. I then draw off my wading shoes, slip on a pair of soft warm lamb-wool stockings, and having thrown my basket (filled with fine trout, from which the tails of some of the largest may be seen protruding) across my shoulders, my son and I proceed slowly homewards. As we approach the termination of our journey, we are generally met by my wife and daughters, who have become impatient for our return, by whom I am always relieved of my rod and basket; while my wife, insisting I look tired, makes me take hold of her arm; and as we proceed homewards, my young traveller having shaken off his fatigue, is recounting with much animation and satisfaction to his sisters the wonders he has seen.

But there is another recreation more refined and elegant than either of these I have already detailed, and which, by its magic influence, has contributed to smooth and compose the troubles and anxieties of a long life. I allude to music, of which I am a passionate admirer, and in the practice of which, in my younger days, I used to be esteemed somewhat of an eminent proficient. This I have zealously and fondly encouraged among my children, as of all the arts perhaps the purest and most enchanting; as that which, while it vividly awakens, most richly and adequately satisfies the excursive longings of imagination, and which binds most closely and intimately in its willing bands the domestic circle. I speak here of music in its highest and truest acceptation; such as those who have best appreciated its astonishing capacities, and whose noblest and most felicitous exertions have increased the delightful range of its sway, have raised it to.

My eldest daughter plays the piano-forte with a clear and distinct articulation, and a rapidity of execution and steadiness of time which, with little study, carry her through, with considerable power, the most excellent productions of the most valuable of the ancient and modern composers. My second girl, after much friendly alteration and zealous persuasion, I must allow, with my wife, I have myself taught the violin, from which she now draws, I can assure you, a very rich and mellow tone, and displays a very graceful and flowing bow-hand.

Your female readers may perhaps smile here at the vulgarity of my taste. I can, however, assure such delicately sensitive readers, that this instrument was frequently in the fair hands of the ladies in my younger years; and I still recollect the animation and fascinating movements of elegance and grace which they displayed in the use of it, forming a singular contrast to that stiff unvarying formality of manner which is unfortunately inseparable from the seated position of our piano-forte performers. I may, however, ingenuously confess, that, in teaching my daughter the violin, I was perhaps unconsciously influenced by the recollection of having heard, in my earlier youth, a beautiful black-eyed girl, full of unconstrained and artless vivacity, play upon this instrument some airs and movements of Vivaldi, with an expression I have never forgotten; while her dark hair waved in rich and clustering ringlets on her bosom, and the motion of her white and delicately-formed arm displayed the most perfect beauty and gracefulness. When I look on my daughter, and listen to her while she plays, the memory of this delightful vision of my youth often tenderly and forcibly impresses me. The instrument

upon which I perform is the violoncello; and, like an old Maestro di Capella, while I play the fundamental bass, I have a scientific and delightful pleasure in watching the march and progress of the changing harmony, the gradual development, and final rich embellishment of the subject, and that delicious concinnity and graceful proportion of parts, which is happily and wonderfully preserved amidst all the delicate intricacies of invention and skilfully adjusted contrivance.

In this way we are enabled to play, in concert, many of the best productions of Abel, Wagenseil, Bocherini; and among those more modern, Woelfl, Clementi, Haydn, and Mozart, and a whole host of others. When I meet among my collection of music some piece which strikes me as peculiarly excellent, but composed for other instruments, I often beguile the tedium of a winter day by remodelling its parts, to suit the more limited musical forces of our family circle. Or, while I stroll in my garden, or mend my tackle, or proceed slowly to the troutting-stream, I devise little airs and motifs, which, under a fictitious name, often become favourites in some of the neighbouring families.

My literary pursuits are now more limited than they once were; and with respect to these, my taste, I fear, will appear to some of your readers nearly antiquated as in music. As I do not read to become either an antiquary, a linguist, or a politician, and being free from the calls of peculiar and exclusive study, which a learned profession demands, my literary avocations, you may presume, are neither very deep nor very various. At an early period in life, I was, however, much devoted to an extensive range of literary study and pursuit, and my ardour and avidity carried me through the most esteemed productions in the European languages. Since then, however, this insatiate passion for excursive reading has gradually grown weaker within me; and, except the heroic romances of the Italians, the "Oberon" or "Idris" of Wieland, or some of his numerous novels, or the "Idylls" of Gesner, I now seldom, in reading, depart from the field of our own language. For I am now old enough to be convinced of the folly of exploring, with a never-tiring curiosity, the literary territory of other countries, for what, to him who can diligently seek, may be found in equal richness, beauty, and power, among the highly-gifted authors of our own land. I am fond, enthusiastically fond, of poetry; not indeed of that ostentatiously splendid and elevated kind which seeks to command admiration, but rather of that which affects and wins over me irresistibly by its unobtrusive and touching simplicity; of that of which our early dramatists exhibit such impressive examples, and of which I find a mine which never satiates, in the smaller pieces of Greene, of Withers, and innumerable detached passages of Old Daniel and Michael Drayton. Of that poetry which more exclusively describes the fair and diversified scenes of nature, I have ever been a constant and devoted lover. I do not so much mean that which is solely descriptive, in which the author is the sole prolocutor, as that which assumes dramatic form, and in which nature, lovely and inviting in herself, acquires a more interesting locality, and additional beauty and animation from those personages who move and act amidst her varied and contrasted scenes.

In reading such pieces, I feel at once impressively that there is indeed a poetry which has its seat deeper in our nature, and touches, with a more irresistible hand, the chords of our affections, than much which in these times has sprung up amongst us. My daughters sometimes on this point gently attempt to shake my scepticism, by citing some passages from our living poets; but as they have never yet heard the empty and dogmatical lispsings of any of your famed blue-stockings, I easily bring them back to a proper feeling of nature and poetry, by repeating some passage from Drayton or Spenser, striking, yet natural, and impressively simple in its conception; rich and copious, and significant in that stream of living language which pictures forth with vividness and power those scenes they so much love, and of which they so truly feel the awaking influence.

By such a course of delightful study, I guard (as it seems to me) against that coldness and aridity of mind so apt to steal upon age; and, aided by the nature of my amusements, communicate to my fancy somewhat of the buoyancy, and richness, and elasticity of youth. These great productions, in the delightfully vigorous tone they impart to the mind, may be likened to those rich and fragrant essences which communicate, without exhaustion, to whatever approaches them, a balmy and delicious odour; or to the soft and refreshing dew which ascend from a full and gentle river, and beauty and luxuriant bloom along its banks. But I now hasten to draw this long, and, I fear, tedious communication, to a close. You may perceive that I feel too impressively the grandeur of nature to be forgetful of that humble and devout homage which is due from all to its Great Author. I have carefully inculcated on my children sound and just religious principles, and have endeavoured to inspire them with an ardent piety, constant and abiding in the heart, humble, yet which, in its humility, does not seek to lower or trample upon the glorious capacities of our nature.

During the summer months, I am almost constantly in the open air, when the weather permits, to which I chiefly ascribe the equable and vigorous health I have throughout life enjoyed. I am seldom at a loss

for objects to occupy my attention ; and as I am willing to find satisfaction in very humble occupations, I may be seen at one time, perhaps, leading my horse or my daughters' ponies to the pasture, or to drink at the stream ; at another, sauntering carelessly along with a Dutch hoe in my hand, and perhaps rooting from my gravel-walks a thistle or bindweed, or giving to the bordering turf a sharper and a neater edge. At other times, I may be seen thrusting a bush into a broken fence, or angling for small trout to be used as pike baits on the morrow ; or, it may be, that my bees have cast, and the whole household are assembled beneath some lofty elm or ash upon which they have settled ; then I may be seen swelling the rude clangling chorus which is to lure them from their height. In short, if my occupations are innocent, I by no means allow myself to be staggered by their seeming vulgarity or insignificance ; the pure and sparkling water which springs from an obscure fountain is still grateful and delicious to my taste.

Thus does my life steal softly away, like a stream whose smooth waters glide imperceptibly by ; and the sports and avocations which delighted my youth still cheer and solace my age. Most of my friends have long since departed, some of them after tempestuous and disastrous struggles ; yet the going down of my sun is glowing, yet peaceful and tranquil, and I perceive the shadows slowly deepening without emotion or disquiet. I shall yield up life amidst those dear and tender accompaniments for which thousands, in the abiding passion of their nature, have fondly languished and sighed in vain. I shall drop this mortal career where first I took it up—amidst those delicious scenes which knew my early infancy ; I shall die in the very arms, so to speak, which nurtured me ; and my last gentle struggles shall be hushed and composed by those who have spread a hallowed and serene joy around my sequestered life, and who—shall I speak the last fond wish of humanity !—shall long associate me with the wildly-beautiful scenes among which I now wander, and drop a tender and pious tear to my memory.

#### ABOUT PICTURES AND PAINTERS.

THE "Art-Union," a London monthly journal of the fine arts, to which we have not referred for some time, continues to be managed with the same activity as at the outset, and every number offers a pleasing variety of notices on subjects of taste. The paper, as may be supposed, is a zealous advocate for the encouragement of the home trade in picture-painting, in preference to importing indiscriminate supplies from continental countries. In the number for October, the editor presents us with the following statistics of the import system :—

" In the 'Art-Union' for July 1839, we published a statement of the number of pictures imported into Great Britain during the years from 1833 to 1838, both inclusive. They were received from Italy, Holland, Belgium, and Germany, and averaged about 3000 annually in number. We have now procured an account of the number of pictures imported into the United Kingdom, and the amount of duty paid thereon, during the four years ending 5th January 1842. It is as follows :—

Year ended 5th January	1839.	Number.	Duty.
..	9,620	..	£3944
..	11,641	..	3299
..	13,411	..	3628
..	13,108	..	3681

It will thus be seen that the increase has been enormous : only think of 13,108 'veritable' Titians, Bergheims, Rembrandts, &c. &c., being put into circulation throughout Great Britain within the past year, eight of which are probably of value, but 13,000 of which are, no doubt, miserable and trashy copies. It is really wonderful how and where these things are disposed of ; and it is not a little humiliating to find the evil anything but diminishing. To these 13,108 'old masters' (for very few of them profess to be modern), we must add the number of genuine pictures manufactured in this country and sold to foolish buyers. We have heard a variety of illustrative anecdotes of the modes in which such works are produced ; and some 'artists' have been named to us who ought to be ashamed of lending themselves to such base and scandalous impositions. This evil, under the existing law, has no remedy ; but really the makers of forgeries should be known and exposed—the profession should cast them out utterly. To copy old pictures, knowing they are to be passed off as genuine, is bad, very bad ; but to make copies of modern works for a like purpose, is infinitely worse. Yet every day this is done, and there is no sort of punishment either for the forger or the vendor."

Nothing, as the editor appears to imagine, is so well calculated to encourage native painters, as the support of associations to purchase pictures by lot, but he, at the same time, is not blind to the practices now common among a certain class of painters, of charging sums for their works far beyond their fair value. This is a growing evil. On a late occasion, as we are told, £3700 was subscribed to buy pictures at an exhibition in Dublin ; and, says the editor, " Mr Blacker (the secretary) could easily point out pictures valued at £50, for which no person in his senses would give £5 ; and he knows, also, that in many cases the sums asked were not the sums given. Mr Blacker asserts that the exhibition was the best that has been opened in Dublin : our only answer need be, 'bad is the best.' The Art-Union (of Dublin) did—we say it without the fear of contradiction—purchase many wretched productions, because they were compelled to expend a large proportion of their funds in the gallery, and had previously bought all the pictures that were good."

If the evil of extravagant prices be growing, so is the cure. The import of pictures from the continent in the

way of trade is likely ere long to affect the home market ; but a more effectual check will be found in the gradual demission of members, who are already beginning to tire of venturing money on articles in very many instances double or triple the price they would bring at open sale, if they sold at all for anything, and thus improperly fostering a class of mediocre paupers, whom the public can never have the means to support. Another way in which things will be brought to their level, is the growing encouragement of foreign associations, for which there are now regular agencies in this country. We consider this to be a pleasing trait of international union—a step in universal civilisation. The editor of the paper before us has some judicious remarks on this topic :—

" The project for drawing closer the connexion between the lovers of art in this country and in Germany, progresses more favourably than our most sanguine hopes could have anticipated. Already, a very large number of subscribers have entered their names on the lists of the societies of Dusseldorf, Berlin, and Dresden : those lists are rapidly augmenting. The experiment has been completely successful, and the result cannot be otherwise than satisfactory and serviceable to the artists and amateurs of the arts in Great Britain. First, it will increase the intimacy between the kingdoms, that must be pregnant with good to all ; next, it will familiarise us with those higher qualities of art in which the Germans are universally admitted to excel, and which are perhaps best exhibited by their engravings ; and next, it will inevitably lead to an acquaintance with the 'style' of the German school, by introducing collections of its best productions into England. The time is auspicious for the attempt ; the English artist has been at length called upon by the nation to aim at loftier objects than those with which he has been hitherto generally content ; our beneficial intercourse with Germany is becoming daily more frequent and useful ; and we have learned to know and appreciate the vast sources of enjoyment and information they possess, with the most ready means of rendering them available. We have examined the prints that have been already issued by the several societies, and those that are in progress for the members of 1842. They are all of them of rare excellence and value ; each is fully worth the amount of the subscription, setting aside the chances of prizes ; there is not one that is not calculated to improve the taste and elevate the mind, for the selections have been made exclusively from pictures not only painted by the best artists, but painted with the grand and lofty purpose of conveying a high moral lesson by the arts. As we have said, great good must follow the introduction among us of the works of the master-minds of Germany ; and sure we are, there are thousands in this country who only require a knowledge of the advantage within their reach to avail themselves of it."

#### UNDER TRUSTEES."

TUNE.—*The Jolly Young Waterman.*

O HAVE you ne'er heard of a worthy Scotch gentleman, Laird of that ilk, and the chief of his name, Who not many years since, attaining majority, Heir to some thousands of acres became ? He lived so well, and he spent so merrily, The people all came to his house so readily, And he made all things in it so much as you please, And he made all things in it so much as you please, That this gentleman soon was put under trustees. O never till then had our worthy Scotch gentleman Lived for a day as his taste did incline, There never were wanting some plaguy good fellows To rattle his pheasants and tipple his wine. He kept a pack, which the county delighted in, He gave charming balls, and the ladies invited in ; O he never knew what was a moment of ease, O he never knew what was a moment of ease, Till smug he had placed himself under trustees. Being now in plain truth a Distressed Agriculturist, No one expects him to play the great man ; He is sure of whatever he needs in this world, For creditors wish him to live while he can. Rents may fall, but that doesn't trouble him ; Banks may break, but that cannot hobble him ; At the cares of this sad life he coolly may sneeze, At the cares of this sad life he coolly may sneeze, Who only will put himself under trustees ! Subscriptions come round for election-committees, New churches, infirmaries, soup for the poor, Our worthy Scotch gentleman gives his best wishes, But of course the collectors ne'er darken his door. He never is called to look a paper in, To get up a cup to huntsman or whipper-in ; O who would be *fashin* with matters like these, O who would be *fashin* with matters like these, A gentleman known to be under trustees ? When any good neighbour, hard up for the wherewithal, Looks for some friend who is likely to lend, Our worthy Scotch gentleman never need care at all— He's not the man who the matter can mend. In short, all others have something crossing them, On beds of trouble are always tossing them ; But only the Income-Tax truly can tease, But only the Income-Tax truly can tease, A gentleman snugly put under trustees.

July 1842.

R. C.

#### CLEANSING THE SKIN.

In order to enjoy good health, it is as necessary to cleanse the skin of every part of the body as the hands and face. If you once begin to make a rule to wash the whole body at least once a week, either by bathing or otherwise, in cold water, the vigour and hilarity of feeling you will experience will amply repay you for the labour. Try it a few weeks—it will cost next to nothing.—*News-paper paragraph.*

#### QUICK POSTAGE !

THE ridiculous manner in which the postage of letters is conducted is daily becoming more manifest. Take the following :—On a late occasion, we arrived at a seaport on the west coast of Scotland at 5 o'clock in the evening, and, desirous of letting friends in Edinburgh know of our arrival, we asked when the post would leave the town in that direction. " Not till to-morrow forenoon," was the answer. " When would a letter reach Edinburgh ? " we asked. " Your letter would reach Glasgow in about two hours after posting ; it would lie in the post-office there till half-past 9 at night ; it would arrive in Edinburgh at 2 or 3 in the morning ; and it would be delivered at 8 in the morning." " Is there any other means of forwarding a letter ? " I inquired. " Oh, yes, there are plenty railway trains ; you can send it by one of them." I followed the hint ; made up a small parcel with an old newspaper, and thus despatched my letter on its travels. The packet reached Edinburgh next day at 2 o'clock afternoon, or 18 hours earlier than it would have been delivered if it had been intrusted to the post. Cases of this kind are universal. From being the quickest, the post has become in very many instances the slowest organ of transmission. But this intolerable grievance cannot last. The post-office authorities must either make an effort to increase the number of transmissions between large seats of population favoured by railways, or the monopoly of the post be abandoned to private enterprise.

We again express a hope that the newspaper press will agitate this important question.

#### A PLEASANT STORY.

SCOTLAND furnishes many instances of persons, by care and attention, rising from comparative obscurity to stations of high rank and consideration. The following interesting narrative details one of these instances of successful merit, and is calculated to promote good conduct in all :—

When Mr Grigor Grant first entered the excise, he was stationed in Grantown of Strathspey. He, being then unmarried, took private lodgings for himself, and engaged a young boy, named John Grant, in order to attend him in the capacity of servant. Mr Grant got very fond of young John, and used him more like a child of his own than a servant. Mr Grant being derived from a respectable family, got a liberal education ; and being of an affable and kind disposition, he began to teach his favourite the first branches of education. The boy having a quick capacity to learn, soon became a tolerably good scholar. He one day informed his benefactor that he never expected to get such a kind and indulgent master, but having arrived near the years of maturity (being at the time seventeen years of age), said that he was anxious to go to Edinburgh, and that if he got a situation there, good and well, but if not, that he intended to enter his majesty's service. At parting, Mr Grant acted towards the lad in a liberal manner. Upon his arrival in Edinburgh, he implemented what he intended, as he enlisted in an English regiment. A short time thereafter, the German war commenced, when the said regiment was ordered to the seat of war. John Grant being an active young soldier, and well disciplined, was the first of his regiment, while the British were engaged in the taking of a garrison, to mount one of the scaling-ladders. In consequence of his being so valiant and active, his colonel appointed him sergeant ; and having conducted himself so well in the discharge of his duty, his good conduct afterwards procured for him promotion to the rank of ensign. Mr Grant, about sixteen years thereafter, had occasion to go to Aberdeen, where there happened to be an English regiment stationed at the time ; and as the duties of his situation at Strathspey, &c., had not led him to see a military band, he was anxious to see a regiment at drill, and he therefore attended for that purpose, along with a good many other spectators. When the regiment formed line, the colonel took his post, and looking at the great number of spectators, he stepped forward with his sword in his hand, and tipping Mr Grant on the shoulder, and beckoning him aside from the crowd, asked if he was not Mr Grant, officer of excise ? He replied that he was the very person. The colonel then asked him if he knew who he was ? Mr Grant said that he did not. The colonel then said he was happy to inform him that he was John Grant, his old servant, but now colonel of the regiment before them ; and that if he had not been kind to him when in his service, he would not have made so free with him. After mutual interchanges of affection and esteem, the colonel invited Mr Grant to dine at mess in the evening with him and the other officers of the regiment. " Roast Beef " shortly afterwards having beat, a good many of the officers entered the mess-room and took their seats ; but Mr Grant waited the arrival of the colonel, who took hold of him by the arm and led him into the mess-room, the whole of the officers standing at the time, when the colonel took the chair, placing his old preceptor on his right hand. Mr Grant used to state that it was one of the happiest days he ever enjoyed. But all rank and honour are uncertain : Colonel Grant and his regiment were ordered soon after to foreign service, when, alas ! in a short time thereafter he was killed fighting for his king and country, to the great sorrow of his early benefactor, and the loss of his highly honoured country.—*Elgin Courant.*

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